THE

FABLES

OF

ÆSOP,

IN

Engliſh VERSE.

With Suitable New Morals, Adapted to each Fable. Never before Printed:

CONTAINING

The Fable of the Aſs and the Wolf. The Biſhop and the Beggar. Collier and the Fuller. Country-man and the Mouſe. Devil refuſing to marry. Parſon, Vintner and Taylor. Æthiopian waſh'd. Florentine and Horſe-courſer. Fox and Grapes. Kite and Mouſe. Parſon and the Pears. Young Widow. Wolf and Crow. Sick Man and Prieſt. Sick Hermit. Shepherd turn'd Merchant. Pagan at Maſs. Marriners in a Storm. And abundance more Fables, too tedious to inſert.

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THE PREFACE.

THat Author who does at once delight and inſtruct, ſufficiently recommends himſelf, and needs not to ſue for Approbation. He who obſerves an Artful Temperament of the Utile dulci, the Inſtructive and Pleaſant, gains his Point, and may ſtand the Teſt of the ſevereſt Critick: For, he comes up to the Rules of Art, preſcrib'd for the moſt exact Writing. This is ſo apparently true in Æſop, that his Credit has been long enough eſtabliſh'd, as to the preſent Particular. He gives us the true Principles of moral Virtue, without an Auſtere and Cynical Face. He abhors Vice; yet thoſe who are addicted to it, he does not rail at in Billingſgate Terms, only gives 'em a ſide-Reprimand, by hinting, that if Brutes cou'd really ſpeak, they might juſtly take upon them to reprove our more exalted Species, and turn Reformers of Mankind. He ſhews us that Men, when they deviate from the Dictates of right

Reaſon, no longer deſerve to be call'd ſo; but by Degeneracy, become their own Nature, and leaves every Man's Conſcience to make the Application. As for this Doggrel Tranſlation, it may divert a Man at leaſt as well as Ogleby. *Indeed it has no Pictures; but they are left for the Reader to make; who, it's ten one, may find room for his own too ſomewhere, if he lays aſide Prejudice. Some Pieces of* Æſop *(but not of the following Number) are already extant in this Rhyme. They have afforded Diverſion, doubtleſs, to all but the Moroſe; and it's poſſible theſe may do ſo too. However, they have diverted the Author; (for the Fool will preſume to that Title) and to tell you the plain Truth, Complements apart, that was his chief Deſign in tranſlating 'em.*

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ÆSOP

Advertiſement.

THE Author being abſent, many Literal Faults, in theſe following Sheets, havë eſcaped the Eye, which the Candid Reader will eaſily obſerve; 'tis therefore deſir'd, that he will not impute to the Author what was purely thro' Inadvertency, in the Printer.

ÆSOP Burlesqu'd.

FABLE I.

Kite and Mouse.

A Kite in a Snare was unluckily taken,
And utterly hopeless of saving her Bacon;
But spying a Mouse she made it her Pray'r,
That she'd with her Teeth bite asunder the Snare;
The Fool of a Mouse very kindly consented,
But found in the End she had Cause to repent it;
For the Kite had no sooner her Liberty got,
But up goes my good Benefactor to Pot.

MORAL.

If a Stranger you help, mind what you're a doing,
Or else you perhaps may work your own Ruine.

FABLE II.

Boy at his Mother's Funeral.

A Wag at the Funeral of his own Mother,
Saw others a crying and keeping a Pother,
Yet he all the while went on with a Song,
Moſt joyfully ranting and roaring along.
Cries the Father, "why Son, they'll ſay that you're (Frantick,
"Who when you ſhould weep, fall a playing the Antick:
Says the Boy, 'han't you hir'd your Choriſters to ſing?
'Then what if I'll give you a Chorus for nothing?
"They do as they ſhou'd do, replies the old Dad,
"But what you do ſhews you ſcarce better than mad.

MORAL.

With a Coxcomb that minds not what's decent and fit,
Whatever comes uppermoſt paſſes for Wit;
But a wiſe Man conſiders th' Occaſions of Things,
And will ſurely take care of his Time when he ſings.

FABLE III.

Parſon and Pears.

A Jolly fat Parſon, a topeing old Sinner,
Was invited by chance to a rare Wedding-dinner;
And for that Day he thought himſelf happy and ſafe,
Concluding to find a good Stuffing for *Ralph*.
But the Meeting was kept at a Town ſomewhat diſtant,
So he trudg'd upon Ten-toes with Staff for Aſſiſtant;
Now there lay by the Road many Pears, as they ſay,
Which he piſs'd on in ſcorn, and went onward his way:
When after a while he a Brook did diſcover,
And cou'd not tell how, for his Guts, to get over;
For a little before there had happen'd a Rain,
And the Flood was not ſunk to its Channel again.
The Prieſt thus ſore vex'd, began to be muddy,
And quite diſappointed, was in a brown Study:
In Fine, he was forc'd to make home-wards once more,
And dine on the Pears which he piſs'd on before.

MORAL.

In all things Providence is juſt and wiſe,
Then let not Man its ſmalleſt Gifts deſpiſe:
The Rich and Great, who Wealth and Pow'r poſſeſs,
Shou'd ſtill conſider, Fate can make 'em leſs.
The various Turns of Humane Life we ſee,
Which teach us Candour and Humility:
For that which we to Day with Pride diſdain,
Perhaps to Morrow, we may wiſh to gain.

FABLE IV.

Vultur and ſmall Birds.

A Vultur kept Birth-day, and making Collation,
The ſmall Birds invited upon Reputation;
"And pray, my good Friends, do not fail me, cries He,
"You, as at your own Homes, ſhall be welcome and free;
The Time being ſet, they march'd all together
Very brisk and well pleas'd, like Birds of a Feather.
The Vultur (a Courtier) each Friend did embrace,
And ſeem'd to have Courteſie ſtamp'd on his Face;
But he quickly deceiv'd 'em, for to their ſad wonder,
He pull'd Limb from Limb, and tore 'em aſunder.

MORAL.

MORAL.

The best way to ſucceed in your Villany is,
Pretending a Kindneſs to eſtabliſh a Kiſs.

FABLE V.

Biſhop and Beggar.

A Covetous Miſer, who'd think it? 'Twas odd,
Was made a right Reverend Father in God:
For, tho' no bad Man has the Gift of the Spirit,
Yet he may the Mitre and Profits inherit.
But to tell you my Story—— A Man with one Leg,
On New-years-day came to his Lordſhip to beg:
"I hope your good Lordſhip five Gnineas will ſpare;
Which no ſooner was ſpoke but the Prelate did ſtare;
And cries, 'why, old Man, 'tis true you may lack it,
'But I think, if I give it, I ſhall be diſtracted:
At this my poor Gaffer was forc'd to come down,
So he fell to five Shillings, which you know is a Crown:
But that was deny'd; Ah, Sir, "'tis a hard thing
"Cries the Beggar—Then give me but one Copper-
(Farthing;
'No, no, cries my Lord, why, how, now, Sauce-Box?
'Here, take him, and ſet him to prate in the Stocks,
Then'

" Then, Sir, ſays the Fellow, I, with your Permiſſion,
" Will only beg leave to add this one Petition;
" Which is, that your Bleſſing you'd pleaſe to beſtow,
" For then I am happy wherever I go.
So the Biſhop, to ſhew him his utmoſt Affection
And Pity; cries, " Kneel Friend, and take Benediction.
" No, no, ſays the Man, plucking up a good Courage,
" You may, if you pleaſe, keep your Breath for your (Porridge;
" And as for your Bleſſing, Sir, you may e'en ſave it;
" Had it been worth a Farthing, you would not have (gave it.

MORAL.

Perhaps, if we look in the World, we may find
A Biſhop ſtill of the ſame Kidney and Kind;
But the Moraliſt gave me this prudent Injunction,
For the Fault of one Man not to leſſen the Function.

FABLE VI.

Man and two Horſes.

A Man had an Horſe of an excellent Breed,
That was matchleſs for Sight as well as for Speed;
Yet he not contented, a new Bargain made
For another, which prov'd but a pitiful Jade;

Yet

Yet of that he moſt Care and Diligence took;
Which obſerving, this Horſe, to the other thus ſpoke;
" Companion, I cannot but wonder to ſee
" Our Maſter ſhou'd ſhew ſo much Kindneſs to me,
" And you to neglect, is a ſort of a Jeſt;
" For with ſpite, I muſt ſay it, all think you the beſt.
To which the ſmart Gelding moſt patly reply'd;
'He does but what's done by too many beſide;
'That to a New-Comer are us'd to be civil,
'Whom after a while they will wiſh at the Devil.

MORAL.

We Novelties love, and a true Proverb ſays,
" *That our Friends and our Fiſh will ſtink in three Days.*

FABLE VII.

Bald-pated Man.

A Bald-pated Fellow had got a long Wig,
And mounted on Horſe-back look'd bluffiſh and big.
But the Wind being high, while he ſwaggering ſate,
Off went his falſe Locks, and diſcover'd his Pate;
At which the Folks laughing, He, merry as they,
Cry'd, " what is't you ſet up your Pipes at? I pray.

My

" My own Hair was loſt, and cou'd you with this Pother
" Think I'd carefuller be of what came from another?

MORAL.

The beſt way to behave your ſelf under a Scoff
Is to pay back another, and ſo put it off.

FABLE VIII.

Doctor and dead Man.

A Phyſician who practis'd the Man-killing Trade,
Had been daub'd in the Fiſt, and much Money been paid;
But the Patient grew worſe, and at length did depart,
Notwithſtanding the quacking of Med'cines and Art:
Relations were met, and the Man being dead,
The Phyſician, to ſave his own Credit, thus ſaid;
" Had my Friend drank no Claret, and Clyſters apply'd,
" You may take my Word for't, he never had dy'd.
Cries a Friend, ' Sir, why did you not ſay ſo before?
' What? Now the Steed's ſtol'n you're for ſhutting the Door?
The Man nothing gains by this notable Speech;
' You may now, e'en as wiſely, blow Wind in his B—

MORAL

MORAL.

The Doctor, who wastes both your Health and your Purse,
When his own Ends are serv'd won't stick to do worse;
But says, when you're kill'd and rob'd of your Self,
The Man might have liv'd, but he murder'd himself.

FABLE IX.

Thief and his Mother.

A Thievish young Urchin from some one or other,
At School, stole a Horn-book, and brought to his (Mother;
The Woman, instead of correcting her Son,
Commends the small Villain for what what he had done.
The Boy thus encourag'd, improv'd in his Way;
And of mending his Talent fail'd never a Day:
So the Rogue at length taken, by no Man was pity'd;
But for stealing condemn'd, and to *Tyburn* committed:
And then came the Mother, with sorrowful Heart,
Attending young Hopeful, truss'd up in a Cart.
And now being come to the Gallows, says He,
"Dear Mother, I'm ready to suffer, you see;
"But before I turn off, let me beg you, draw near;
"I have something concerns me to speak in your Ear.

So ſhe laid her Head cloſe, which no ſooner ſhe'd done,
But my Son bites a Hole in her Cheek to the Bone.
'Oh! You Varlet, cries ſhe, I thought that the Sentence
'Had led you to Duty, and taught you Repentance.
'I confeſs, He replies, my Puniſhment's due;
"But, know, that the Cauſe on't proceeded from you:
"Had you not the ſtealing of Horn-book commended,
"I ne'er ſhou'd my Life in a Halter have ended.

MORAL.

Let Seeds of Vice be rooted out betimes,
Which elſe produce unknown, unthought of Crimes.
Inſenſibly the Poyſon gathers Force,
And cheriſh'd in the Veins dilates its Courſe;
When enter'd firſt it muſt no farther paſs,
For if it does, 'twill ſoon corrupt the Maſs.

FABLE X.

Shepherd turn'd Merchant.

A Shepherd his Flock kept by the Sea-ſide,
Where a Ship o'er the Waves did with Gallantry (ride.
Which Sight did ſo pleaſe him he all his Sheep ſold,
Reſolving to traffick, and put off the Fold.

A Ship being got, was with Dates richly fraught,
And thus putting forth the wide Ocean he fought,
In hopes to get Mountains before he came back,
Not dreaming of Tempeſts, nor fearing a Wreck;
But he had not Sail'd far e'er the Winds and the Rain
Began to proclaim a dread War with the Main;
So that our new Merchant was put to a ſtand,
And thought himſelf Oaphiſh for leaving the Land:
While louder and louder the Thunder did roar,
And the Billows kept foaming and daſhing the Shore.
The Storm did no Promiſe of Safety afford,
So that all muſt be ranſack'd and thrown over Board:
And the Merchant himſelf was ſo put to a hard Caſe,
He was glad to eſcape with the ſaving his Carkaſs.
Some time after this, as it happen'd, he ſtood
By the Side of the Sea, in a troubleſome Mood,
And obſerving it look very calmly, he ſaid,
"You fain, I ſuppoſe, with more Dates wou'd be fed.

MORAL.

We are often ſo vain as to ſeek our own Hurt,
And when we have done we may thank our ſelves for't;
But he whom Experience has warn'd, will take Care,
And being once caught, knows the trick of the Snare.

FABLE XI.

Fox and Leopard.

A Fox and a Leopard were puzled to know
Which People wou'd reckon the beſt of the two;
The Leopard was pleas'd with the Spots of his Skin,
And thought it the fineſt that ever was ſeen.
Well, well, cries the Fox, "I value not that,
"I'm ſure I can give you a Tit for your Tat:
"For, when you have crack'd of your beſt, 'twill be ſaid
"By all People, that I have the cunninger Head.

MORAL.

A Man that's to Wiſdom and Prudence inclin'd,
Will value no Beauty but that of the Mind.

FABLE XII.

Wolf and Crow.

A Wolf had obſerv'd one time, that a Crow
Still follow'd, wherever he offer'd to go:
The Wolf at laſt finding a Prey by good Fortune,
The Crow for her ſhare did ſtrongly importune;

Pretending

Pretending that ſhe very conſtant had been,
With Friendſhip attending him through thick and thin:
" Yes, but, ſays the Wolf, you deſign'd, if I dy'd,
" To cram your vile Gut with a piece of my Hide.

MORAL.

There be many who ſay, they're our very good Friends,
When all they deſign is but for their own Ends.

FABLE XIII.

Woman and Nut-tree.

A Walnut-tree by the High-Way being poſted,
By a Woman once viſited thus was accoſted;
" O Tree, I obſerve, thou'rt continually bang'd
" And pelted by Rogues, who deſerve to be hang'd:
" I think that thy Brain muſt be wonderful dull,
" Or ſurely, thou'dſt ne'er be ſo paſſive a Fool:
" For, tho' beaten by e'ery unmerciful Brute,
" The more thou reward'ſt their ill Uſage with Fruit.
" Yes, yes, ſays the Walnut, the more I am beaten,
" They know the more Nuts they will find to be eaten:

And

" And I cannot but wonder that you ſhou'd from no Man
" E'er be told of ſo common a Proverb, good Woman,
Which ſays, " An Aſs, Woman and Walnut-tree,
" The more they are beaten, the better they'll be.

MORAL.

Have a care of your Words in an Interrogation,
Leſt the Anſwer hit you when there's made Application.

FABLE XIV.

Wolf at the Carvers.

A Wolf at the Carvers turn'd over an Head
That was wrought very curious, at which he thus ſaid,
" Your Work is rare, Maſter, yet, after your Pains,
" There wants the beſtowing of Senſes and Brains.

MORAL.

A ſplendid, fine Out-ſide oft makes a Man paſs,
Whoſe Inſide examin'd wou'd ſhew him an Aſs.

FABLE XV.

Old Woman and her Maids.

A Certain old Dame kept a delicate Cock,
Who by crowing did ſerve her inſtead of a Clock;
For at his firſt Warning her Maids ſhe wou'd rouſe,
To follow their Work and look after the Houſe;
Which ſo vex'd the young Girls, they reſolv'd in a maggot,
To bring Chanticleer down by Fire or Faggot;
For, ſaid they to themſelves, "when that is once done,
"Our Dame will be ſure not to wake us ſo ſoon;
But the Miſtreſs, not having a warning of Light,
Now call'd up the Wenches by twelve in the Night.

MORAL.

In changing Conditions, it's often our Curſe
To throw our ſelves raſhly from better to worſe.

FABLE XVI.

Fiſherman and little Fiſh.

A Little ſmall Fiſh that was trap'd by the Hook,
In defence of her ſelf to the Fiſherman ſpoke:
" Good Maſter, I humbly implore, at your Feet,
" You'd ſpare me, I'm little, not fitting to eat.
" Let me go for the preſent, your Servant aſſures,
" That when I am bigger I'll freely be yours.
' No, no, ſays the Man, I'll not part with my Profit
' For vain Hopes, that hereafter ſome Good may come (of it.

MORAL.

Mark well your Time, and catch it as it flies.
For quickly loſt the Golden Minute dies.

FABLE XVII.

Sick Hermit.

A Hermit was ſick, and the Doctor's Advice
Was to clap a young Girl to his Bed in a trice;
But the Patient refus'd who ſo long had contain'd,
And cry'd "his Virginity ſhou'd not be ſtain'd:

But what with Entreaties, and ſight of a Laſs,
The Doctor with much ado brought it to paſs;
So the Woman was beded, and none but they two
Left together, to try what the Med'cine wou'd do:
Not many Hours after returns my Phyſician,
Very kindly enquiring his Patient's Condition:
Whom he found, to his wonder, with Fury poſſeſt,
Lamenting, and ſobing, and beating his Breaſt;
Which they thought to proceed from Devotion of Mind,
A Spirit which never was fleſhly inclin'd:
So they told him, 'There was no great Sin in the Caſe,
'Becauſe it upon a Neceſſity was:
'And that ſuch a great one, that had he not try'd
'What the Doctor preſcrib'd, he had certainly dy'd.
Alaſs! Cries He, "Friends, I don't value the Sin,
"But am griev'd that I ſhou'd not much ſooner begin.

MORAL.

The Sacred Paths of Virtue when we leave,
The gilded Bait of Vice does ſoon deceive:
Pleaſure, at firſt, her Proſelite attends,
Whoſe Folly hides the Fate in which it ends.

FABLE XVIII.

Dog and his Maſter.

MY Author affirms, in the following Fable,
That a Man had a Dog which he fed at his Table;
And never the Maſter from Dinner wou'd ſtir,
'Till having firſt taken good care of the Cur:
And whenever he found an occaſion to beat,
He wou'd order his Servant to manage the Feat:
But the Whelp was ſo pummel'd at laſt, that for Fear
He wou'd not ſo much as his Maſter come near:
Who was angry and ſaid, " why, Sirrah, I'm ſure
" You ne'er from my Hands did a Baſting endure;
' That's true, ſays poor Towzer, but, what is all one,
' It was by your Order whatever was done.

MORAL.

He's guilty as much who does Miſchief intend,
As he who by Action does really offend.

FABLE XIX

Maſter and Servant.

SAys a Gentleman once to his Man, "in my Conſcience,
"I think thou'rt the Prince of all Folly and Nonſenſe;
And ſtill when the Servant committed a Lapſe,
The Maſter with that wou'd be hitting his Chaps:
Which did the poor Fellow ſo highly provoke,
He reſolv'd at the laſt to return him his Joke:
And, call'd Prince of Fools, he reply'd in a Paſſion,
'I'm ſure if I was I ſhou'd govern the Nation:
'O'er all Humane-kind the ſole Monarch I'd be,
'And you your ſelf, Sir, ſhou'd be ſubject to me.

MORAL.

Which may keep us from Cenſure, and ſerve for a Rule,
That no one's ſo wiſe, but ſometimes is a Fool.

FABLE XX.

Aſs and Wolf.

AN Aſs by ill Luck got a Thorn in his Foot,
And beg'd of a Wolf that he'd pull it out:
To the new Operator he turns his Poſteriors;
(Which he ſhou'd not have otherwiſe done to Superiors)

But the Wolf being buſy'd in ſearching the Hurt,
The Aſs with his Heel pay'd his Loggar-head for't:
Says the Doctor, recover'd, "I juſtly endure,
"Who, a Butcher by Trade, wou'd ſet up for a Cure.

MORAL.

Each Man ſhou'd with Prudence conſider his Station,
Nor mind what is contrary to his Vocation:
But the Fable revers'd, it more oft comes to paſs,
That the Surgeon play: Tricks when the Patient's an Aſs.

FABLE XXI.

Stork and Swan.

A Stork ask'd the Swan, and needs wou'd know why
She always was ſinging when ready to die:
Says the Swan, "it's becauſe that I know, when I'm dead,
"From the Troubles and Follies of Life I am free'd.

MORAL.

Life is a thing which none too much ſhou'd prize,
And yet a Gift which we muſt not deſpiſe;
But a good Man with Joy will lay it down,
And when Fate calls, ne'er think it comes too ſoon.

FABLE XXII.

Young Widow.

A Jolly young Woman, whoſe Husband was dying,
With her Friend all about her, ſate whiſpering (and crying :
In ſhort, the Man dy'd, and ſhe, out of her Wits,
Was troubled with Swoonings and ſorrowful Fits.
The Relations endeavour'd to turn back the Stream,
And ſo fell to talking on many a Theme :
Come, come, cries a Goſſip, " dear Madam take care,
" Your Grief elſe will ſoon grow too heavy to bear :
" Conſider that others have had the ſame Loſs,
" And yet quickly after recover'd the Croſs ;
" Beſides, you're but young, and there's many a Spark
" Whom you've ſet agog, if I miſs not my Mark :
" Then don't you lament thus henceforward and bellow,
" But bethink your ſelf ſtrait of another Bed-fellow ;
" By my Troth, if you had one this Night to you warm,
" I'll engage there wou'd be no complaining of Harm.
Ah ! No ſays the Widow, ' Gods, hear you, my Vows.
' I'll for ever be true to my firſt loving Spouſe :
' I ne'er to another my Heart will reſign,
' Dear Soul, it has been, and ſhall ever be thine.

But as ſoon as there came a brisk Cavalier to her,
With Complement, Rhet'rick, and Money to wooe Her,
With this Thought ſhe recovers and lifts up her Head,
That a living brisk Man was worth ten that were dead.

MORAL.

There's little Faith in Men, in Women leſs;
Who moſt deceive when Kindneſs they expreſs:
Some may preſerve themſelves entire and true,
But ſure that Remnant is but of a few;
For o'er their Hearts a little thing prevails,
Whoſe Love is chang'd, as Int'reſt turns the Scales:

FABLE XXIII.

Bat and Weaſle.

A Bat that had careleſly fell to the Ground,
Before ſhe cou'd 'ſcape, by a Weaſle was found;
She beging for Pity, "No, no, on my Word,
"Believe me, ſays he, I ne'er favour a Bird:
"I'm a Mouſe, ſays the Captive, and none of your Foes;
"Hang ſuch vile pitiful Creatures as thoſe.
The Weaſle, at this, from his Anger did ceaſe,
And the Bat, by her Trick, got a ſpeedy Releaſe:

But

But it happen'd, not long after this, ſhe became
Again Prey to a Weaſle, tho' not to the ſame:
And here too ſhe beg'd, but the Weaſle deny'd,
And ſaid that a Mouſe he cou'd never abide:
But the cunning ſly Creature no ſooner hear'd that,
But preſently told him 'that ſhe was a Bat.
Why then, ſays the Conqueror, "you may be gone;
So he let go his Prey as his Brother had done:
And twice the Bat 'ſcap'd by denying her Name,
Tho' ſtill her baſe Nature continu'd the ſame.

MORAL.

There's many a Bat in the Church and the State,
Who can turn, with the Times, in his Love or his Hate.

FABLE XXIV.

Induſtry and Sloth.

A Certain young Fellow ſo lazy was grown,
That his Equal, they'll tell you, ſcarce ever was (known:
'Till call'd to his Dinner, whate'er cou'd be ſaid,
He'd lye yawning, and ſtretching himſelf in his Bed;
For which one of his Friends, as it well did behove him,
At laſt was in earneſt reſolv'd to reprove him:

So

So to Jobeing he fell, but my Sluggard replies,
" I've a Reaſon which will not permit me to riſe;
" You muſt know, e'ery Morning two bonny young Laſſes
" Firſt open my Curtain, then open their Caſes;
" Miſtreſs *Induſtry* one, Rhetorical Faſhion,
" Firſt pleads for her ſelf with a ſplendid Oration:
" Next comes Madam *Sloth*, who, tho' not very witty,
" Yet talks, to my thinking, perſwaſive and pretty.
" I with Juſtice hear both, as far as I'm able,
" And by that time they've done, the Meat's ſet on the Table.

MORAL.

The precious Hours of Life Man vainly ſpends;
His Folly and his Breath together ends:
Nor, 'till the fatal Siſters cut the Loom,
Once does he think of, or bewail his Doom.

FABLE XXV.

Man's Wife drown'd.

A Man that had long been in Conjugal Nooſe,
Had the Luck, as it happen'd, his Teazer to loſe.
For his Spouſe (ſo the Fates the poor Slave did deliver)
As ſhe walk'd on the Bank tumbled into the River.

He

He had not the Widower's Leſſon to learn;
But preſently put on a ſeeming Concern:
So up by the Stream He, in ſorrowful kind,
With Diligence ſought the dead Body to find.
At which all the Pariſh were ſtrangely amaz'd;
And thought their poor Neighbour no better than craz'd:
They ſaid "he his Labour in vain did beſtow;
"For to find my Dame's Carkaſs he downward muſt go.
'No, no, ſays the Man, you know not my Wife,
'Who lov'd Contradiction all Days of her Life;
'Croſs always and thwarting, and now, I dare warrant,
'Tho' dead, ſhe'll be oppoſite ſtill to the Current.

MORAL.

When a Woman's croſs grain'd, we ſafely may ſay it,
The Devil did raiſe, but he never can lay it.

FABLE XXVI.

Florentine and Horſe-Courſer.

A Florentine once with a Horſe-Courſer met,
And both very warm on a Bargain were ſet:
The Florentine buys (like my Chapman) a Nag;
The Price was agreed on, and out comes the Bag:
"One half, ſays the Buyer, I'll pay you down now,
"And as for the reſt, I, your Debtor, will owe.

The Horſe-Courſer granted to what was in Hand,
And came a while after the reſt to demand.
'You muſt pardon me, Sir, if I offer to dun ye,
'But for a late Bargain, you owe me ſome Money.
Cries the Florentine, "Friend, we both did agree
"That for what was behind I your *Debtor* ſhould be:
"That this was our Bargain you cannot gainſay;
"Since I muſt be your *Debtor*, I am not to pay.

MORAL.

A frothy, vile, wou'd be wit, ſeldom is juſt
In Matters of Honeſty, Conſcience or Truſt.

FABLE XXVII.

Sick Man and Prieſt.

A Sick Man was viſited once by the Prieſt;
(Who till the Death-warning is ſeldom a Gueſt)
The good *Levite* exhorts him, with hearty Petition,
Firm Patience to ask for, and humble Submiſſion.
"A good Man, cries the Doctor, theſe Puniſhments prize,
"Well knowing, that whom the Lord loves he chaſtiſes.
Cries my Friend in the Night-cap, 'is't ſo with the Lord!
'Then I never will ask for his Love, on my Word.

MORAL

MORAL.

There's no Plea for an Atheiſt who can, with a Rant,
Call Piety Stuff, and Religion a Cant:
Yet ſtill there is Pity, and ſomewhat Excuſe,
For the Wretch that is ignorant what's an Abuſe.

FABLE XXVIII.

Fiſhermen and Mercury.

SOme Fiſhermen once who had catch'd with a Net
More Fiſh, as they thought, than by half, they cou'd eat;
Leaſt the God of their Gain ſhould think himſelf ſlighted,
Propos'd to have *Mercury* kindly invited:
But He, underſtanding the thing to be done,
Not with a Deſign to have Gratitude ſhewn;
And finding it was a forc'd ſort of a Put
That they might the better get rid of the Glut,
Abſtain'd from the Banquet with Scorn and Neglect,
And return'd with a ſlight their pretended Reſpect.

MORAL.

In all our Actions we muſt mind th' Intent;
That only's truly good, which ſo is meant.

FABLE XXIX.

Two Travellers.

TWO Companions, whoſe Humours did very much
(wary,
Once travell'd together upon a Vagary;
The one always merry, whatever befell,
The other as dull as a Nun in a Cell;
This laſt, in Anxiety up to the Ears,
Was always poſſeſt with ſome Troubles and Fears;
And at every Turn to his Fellow he ſaid,
"If I live, I'm afraid I ſhall beg for my Bread.
'Chear up, cries the other, away with this Sorrow,
'Be brisk for to Day, and ne'er vex for to Morrow.
'I'm reſolv'd, ſince I'm well, and as ſound as a Drum,
'I will never lie carking for what is to come.
"I wonder, cries t'other, your Heart is ſo light,
"When you know not what Fortune may happen e're
(Night.
"Alaſs! All this Day it has run in my Mind,
"How ſad it wou'd prove ſhou'd I chance to be blind:
And ſo walks he ſhutting his Eyes, like a Tony,
And ſtumbles by chance o'er a Bag full of Money;

Which

Which the other took up, and thus rally'd his Friend,
'You ſee what you get by your Cares in the End:
'Remember my Saying is not a meer Jeſt,
'That truſting to Providence always is beſt.

MORAL.

Since nothing's fix'd and ſettled here below,
But things by various Changes come and go;
Lets hope the beſt, and think there's one above,
Whoſe Guidance does the World's great Fabrick move.

FABLE XXX.

Socrates.

THE Great *Socrates* built him a very ſmall Houſe,
Which ſeem'd not ſo fit for a Man as a Mouſe;
And the People that view'd the diminutive Cottage,
Thought the Learned Philoſopher given to Dotage;
Which *Socrates* hearing, thus made it appear,
That He the wiſe Man, they the Logar-heads were.
"This Houſe I for none but true Friends have deſign'd,
"And as ſmall as it is, it will hold more than I find.

MORAL.

MORAL.

In Ages paſt this Fable lets us know
That Friendſhip was a Name, an empty ſhew:
But liv'd he now who built his Houſe ſo ſmall,
He'd find it needleſs grown to build at all.

FABLE XXXI.

Aſs carrying an Image.

AN Aſs bore the Phiz of an Heatheniſh God,
Very proudly puff'd up with the Reverend Load;
And ſeeing the People bow down to his Cur-ſhip,
Strait reckon'd himſelf an Object of Worſhip;
'Till one, who obſerv'd how the Beaſt ſtood affected,
Thus the Animals Haughtineſs ſmartly corrected.
"Don't take to your ſelf that which is not your due;
"This Homage was never intended for you:
"'Tis the Image you bear which the People adore;
"You ſtill are as baſe and as vile as before.

MORAL.

There's many an Aſs for his Office reſpected,
Whoſe Perſon wou'd certainly elſe be neglected;

For otherwiſe, thoſe who ſo heed him, wou'd be
As baſe and contemptible Aſſes as He.

FABLE XXXII.

Dog and Cat.

A Dog and a Cat ſo lov'd one another,
They were as agreeing as Siſter and Brother;
No Friendſhip cou'd ever be carry'd more ſpecious,
For each was to other ſtill kind and facetious:
Yet the Family found while at Meals they were ſitting,
They'd under the Table lie ſnarling and ſpitting.
And why ſhou'd this Quarrel and Jangle be ſhewn,
But for licking a Trencher, or picking a Bone?

MORAL.

When Mens private Advantages come into Play,
Their Affections for others ſoon give up the Day.

FABLE XXXIII.

Aſs's Skin.

AN Aſs was belabour'd and cudgel'd ſo ſorely,
That He, by hard Uſage, did e'en at Deaths Door lie;
"And nothing, cries he, is more welcome than Death,
"For my Hide will be ſpar'd when I part with my Breath.

Gaffer

Gaffer Bare-bones was nigh, and heard his Requeſt;
'But ſaid, 'I ſhall not be ſo welcome a Gueſt:
'I ſhall only make way for worſe Uſage to come;
'For your Skin when you're dead muſt be us'd for a Drum;
'Which a Devil with two Sticks will thump on and rattle,
''Till to pieces its tatter'd and torn in the Battle.

MORAL.

Many Men, in a Pet, leave the World if they're vext,
Not thinking, nor caring what comes in the next.

FABLE XXXIV.

Two Men finding an Oyſter.

TWO Men that were walking along the Sea-ſide,
It ſeems both together an Oyſter eſpy'd;
So they ſharply diſputed, and cou'd not agree,
Or determine the Cauſe, whoſe it rather ſhou'd be.
And both at a loſs as to matter of Merit,
Saw a Man coming by, and to him wou'd refer it.
The ſly Arbitrator thus opens the Fiſh,
With a Face as judicial as any could wiſh;
Sirs, cries He, a Shell here's each of you gains.
And the Oyſter, I think, muſt be mine for my Pains.

MORAL.

MORAL.

The Lawyer that bawls on your ſide at the Bar,
Of himſelf in the firſt Place will ſurely take care;
And whatever Event your Buſ'neſs may find,
He'll make his own Fortune ſucceſsful and kind.

FABLE XXXV.

Jupiter and two Wallets.

THey ſay, for each Man *Jove* made it a Faſhion,
To carry two Wallets, e'er ſince the Creation;
And they for this Uſe at the firſt were deſign'd,
That one hang before, and the other behind.
The latter to hold our own Faults, and the other
Whatever we fancy amiſs in our Brother.

MORAL.

We Treſpaſſes abroad too ſoon can find,
But to their own Offences all are blind.

FABLE XXXVI.

Man at a Fiſh-dinner.

A Certain Great Prince, who in Learning delighted,
A Philoſopher once to his Dinner invited;
But it being an abſtinent Day, let me tell ye,
There was nothing provided but Fiſh for the Belly:
The Philoſopher plac'd at the Bottom, was ſtor'd
With the leaſt of the Fiſh that were ſeen at the Board.
So after a while he gravely looks up,
And ſees very large ones were ſet at the Top;
But unwilling preſumptuous or bold to appear,
Made his ſole Application to thoſe that were near:
Firſt one he takes up, holds it cloſe to his Head,
And mumbles his Chops as if ſomewhat he ſaid;
Then he goes to another, and with the ſame Jeſt,
Takes up in his Hand e'ery one of the reſt:
But yet all this while he eat never a Fiſh,
But laid them all whole again into the Diſh.
The Prince, who had view'd him, wou'd, for ſatisfaction,
The Reaſon fain know of that comical Action.
"Come Sir, ſays he, hide not the Fancy, 'tis pity;
"For, I warrant, 'twas ſomething facetious and witty.

The

The Philoſopher durſt not his Highneſs refuſe,
And ſo with theſe Words he the Humour purſues.
'On this very Coaſt, your Highneſs muſt know,
'My Father was Shipwreck'd two twelve Months ago;
'And therefore I ask'd the ſmall Fiſhes to tell
'(If they knew it) what Chance to his Body befel.
"Said they, we're but young, and therefore unable;
"You muſt ask of the great Ones at Head of the Table.
The Joke was ſo pat it by all was commended,
He got a good Dinner, and none were offended.

MORAL.

Mind well your Jeſt, if you lawfully may,
And let not your Wit your ill Manners betray.

FABLE XXXVII.

Devil refuſing to marry.

A Certain poor Devil, by Deſtiny's Lot,
Into Marriage Eſtate was unluckily got,
Where he had a moſt Helliſh and damnable Life,
Tormented to Death by the Limb of a Wife.
But it happen'd at length the curs'd Harlotry dy'd,
And the Devil for Joy was his Senſes beſide:

Proteſting by Hell, and its horrible Regions,
"That thoſe who wou'd marry were ſenſeleſs as (Widgeons;
And I'll promiſe you, cries he, "before I agen
"Wou'd ſuffer my ſelf to be trap'd in the Gin,
"For ever I'd chuſe to be bound in a dark Hole,
"Or be Slave to a Chymiſt to carry his Charcoal.
Some Man a while after this Devil poſſeſt,
And muſt exorciſ'd be by a Catholick Prieſt:
And when no Conjuration cou'd make him come out,
Was this the grave Dominick brought it about.
"Thou ill Spirit come forth, for if longer you tarry,
"Thy Fate is pronounc'd, I condemn thee to marry.
At that the poor Devil skip'd out, as for Life,
And cry'd, "any Torment but that of a Wife.

MORAL.

On Earth a bad Woman's the diſmalleſt Curſe;
For certainly nothing but Hell can be worſe.

FABLE XXXVIII.

Brother and Siſter.

ONce ſtood at the Glaſs (where the Beau himſelf buſies)
A Boy and a Girl, to obſerve their own Phizes.
They were Brother and Siſter; He beautiful was,
But poor little Miſs had a Dowdy-like Face.

Which

Which vex'd her, no doubt, that her Brother ſhou'd be
Acknowledg'd more comely and pretty than ſhe.
So ſhe runs to her Daddy, to make her Complaint,
That her Brother was fitteſt for Patches and Paint:
He muſt Petticoats wear, for ſhe'd promiſe her Word,
He'd never be valiant enough for a Sword.
At that very Minute in comes me the Lad;
And the Father, to pacifie both of them ſaid;
"For you firſt, my Son, as you're handſome allow'd,
"Take care that it make you not haughty and proud:
"You, Daughter, with Wiſdom ſupply the Defect,
"And a prudent Behaviour will bring you Reſpect.

MORAL.

Kind Providence, all Men experience and know,
With a liberal Hand does its Bounty beſtow:
Then, with grateful Acknowledgments, take what is thine,
And do not at others good Fortune repine.

FABLE XXXIX.

Raven and Crow.

THE Raven and Crow, as the Antients inform us,
Were not in Times paſt, ſo for croaking, enormous.

And

And then by *Minerva*, their Council was heard,
And they to *Apollo*'s grand *Tripos* preferr'd;
But at laſt they were ſo much addicted to prattle,
That whatever was ſpoke was betray'd by their Tattle:
For which, that they might be moſt juſtly rewarded,
They were kick'd out of Doors and for ever diſcarded.

MORAL.

Great Medlers are hated by all Converſation,
As the Bane of Mankind, and the Scum of a Nation.

FABLE XL.

Old Man reſolv'd to leave Whoring.

A Carnal old Toaſt, that with Whoring and Drinking,
Had waſted his Purſe, and his Body was ſinking,
His Tricks notwithſtanding was loth to give o'er,
And often wou'd wiſh for a Pot and a Whore.
But the Spiritual Paſtor was ſent to reclaim him,
And for his leud living ſeverely to blame him.
So the Parſon began a new Leſſon to preach,
And Reaſons of wholſome Morality teach;

Which

Which no ſooner was done, but the Sinner relented,
And told the Canonical Man he repented.
Says he, "really good Father, to tell you the Truth,
"I find I ſhall ſmart for the Sins of my Youth;
"And tho' at the Bottom, I do not renounce Ill,
"Yet Impotence now makes me cloſe with your Council.

MORAL.

We profeſs an Amendment, and part with our Vices,
When they tempt us no more, nor with Pleaſure entice us;
But he falſly is ſaid to be Pious and Good,
Who ſtill has a Mind to be bad if he cou'd.

FABLE XLI.

Aſs Trumpeter, and Hare Letter-carrier.

THE Beaſts and the Birds once happen'd to jar,
And on both ſides was made Proclamation for War:
The Lyon his Subjects prepar'd for the Day,
And ſet his Quadrupeds in Battle array;
But the Aſs was a Creature ſo ſluggiſh and tardy,
And the Hare ſuch a Coward in Time of Jeopardy,
That in hopes of the firſt they but little cou'd ſay,
And thought that the latter wou'd ſoon run away:

But the Lyon an Office for both had provided,
Which was ſuitable thought, and the Matter decided;
The Aſs with his Braying ſhou'd ſerve as a Trumpet,
And the Hare carry Letters, he being to run fit.

MORAL.

There's nothing that's uſeleſs in all the Creation,
If properly plac'd and apply'd to its Station.

FABLE XLII.

A Widow wou'd marry.

A Bonny brisk Widow who Riches poſſeſt,
Yet thought that of all things a Husband was beſt;
To her Crony ſhe told her, "her Heart was inclin'd;
And employ'd her to ſeek for a Man to her Mind.
"But don't you imagine, cries ſhe, I require
"A Man for the ſake of a Carnal Deſire.
"My End's to be eas'd from all Troubles and Cares,
"By getting a Spouſe to look after Affairs.
Her Neighbour obeys her, performs her Requeſt,
And tells her withall 'ſhe had done for the beſt.
'I've a Perſon, cries ſhe, in whom you'll delight,
'For he'll never diſturb you with Tricks o' th' Night.

'Nay;

Nay, between you and I, Dame, he can't if he'd wou'd;
His Ability that way is not very good.
Be gone, cries the Widow, you Block-headly Fool,
For, whatever I told you, I hate ſuch a Tool:
Shou'd we ever fall out, and I be in a Paſſion,
He has no way to lay it upon an Occaſion.

MORAL.

Some Ladies by this may perhaps be offended,
And think an Affront to the Sex was intended,
But our Author proteſts, without mincing the Matter,
That its fooliſh for any to ſtruggle with Nature.
For People that marry, whatever's their Station,
Do doubtleſs deſign, for Increaſe of the Nation,
To promote the good Work which is call'd Propagation.
And why elſe by the Law are old Batchelors fin'd,
But for doing no good to their Species or Kind?
And when ſtricken in Years, they ought never to marry,
For tho' their Wives do not, they'll ſurely miſcarry.

FABLE XLIII.

Country-man and Brook.

A Brook was obſerv'd, by a ſhrewd Country Fellow,
That where it roar'd loudeſt it always was ſhallow.

MORAL.

The Fable is ſhort, but it ſmartly does hit
Your impertinent Hectors, pretending to Wit:
Who all the Diſcourſe at a Coffee-houſe rule,
This Stateſ-man call Aſs, and the other a Fool;
While a Man of Diſcretion can ſee how they ſtumble,
And ſilently let them run on with their Trundle.

FABLE XLIV.

Mountain in Labour.

A Mountain was ſwell'd to ſo monſtrous a Size,
That ſome wonderful Thing was expected to riſe;
And burſt ope the Womb of the labouring Earth,
Which ſeem'd to contend, and to ſtruggle for Birth;
And what ſhou'd become of this vaſt Preparation,
But there creeps out a Mouſe? — Which baulk'd all
(Expectation.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Great Promiſes muſt not from all be believ'd;
There are few who give Credit but find they're deceiv'd.

FABLE XLV.

Boy and Thief.

A Boy in the Dumps, at the Mouth of a Well,
Was ask'd by a Thief, what ill Luck had befel;
Our cunning young Raſcal this other Rogue told,
That he juſt had drop'd in a great Pitcher of Gold.
The Thief at the Inſtant, immediately ſtrips,
And down in all Haſte to the Bottom he whips:
Where, while he was buſy'd, the lying arch Wag
Runs away with his Cloaths and left never a Rag.

MORAL.

There is due to a Raſcal no Pity or Quarter,
But we juſtly rejoice when he catches a Tartar.

FABLE XLVI.

New Cardinal.

A Man of low Birth was a Cardinal made,
With many Reſpects to his Dignity paid;
And among the vaſt Tribe who with Homage adore,
There comes a poor Man that had known him before;
Who heartily puts in his kind Salutation,
By way of well-wiſhing and Congratulation.
But my Lord, in his *Pontificalibus* deckt,
Took as an Affront the poor Fellow's Reſpect:
Deny'd he e'er knew him, and Sirrah, ſays he,
"Pretend not to impudent Freedom with me,
"I'd have you to know you're in my Juriſdiction,
"And next time you prate thus I'll give you Correction.
The Fellow, withdrawn, thus to mutter was heard,
'How People are alter'd by being preferr'd?
'My Friend here don't know me, but I wonder not,
'For I more than believe he Himſelf hath forgot.

MORAL.

A true Gentleman always is courteous and civil,
But a Beggar on Horſe-back will ride to the Devil.

FABLE XLVII.

Man and his Sons.

A Father, whoſe Children were us'd to Contention,
Brought 'em all to agree by this cunning Invention;
He gives to each Stripling Twigs bound in a Rod,
And ſo bids 'em break it in two, if they cou'd;
Each ſtrove with his Might, but their Efforts were vain;
So the Father receives, and unites 'em again.
Then each had a Twig, and to break it was bid,
Which as ſoon as commanded they eaſily did.
That now the Rod was not employ'd in Correction,
But prudent Advice, and a Moral Reflection:
Which thus the good Father with Wiſdom apply'd,
"Take Care that henceforward you never divide.
"Sure Ruine proceeds from Diviſion and Spite,
"But nothing can injure the Friends that unite.

MORAL.

To your ſelves, O ye Britains, *be faithful and true,*
And Lewis *can never your Kingdoms ſubdue.*

FABLE XLVIII.

Crow and Pitcher.

A Crow on a Time was ſo thirſty and dry,
She for want of ſome Water was ready to die:
When a Pitcher half full was by Fortune preſented,
Which might, one wou'd think, a ſmall Bird have contented:
But yet ſhe was troubled, becauſe, you muſt know,
To get at the Liquor She could not tell how:
Many Methods were try'd, but unhappily fail'd,
'Till at length with this ſubtle Device ſhe prevail'd;
Which was, raiſing the Water with Pebbles and Sand,
Till a Taſte with her Bill ſhe could freely command.

MORAL.

Calamities oft for our Good are deſign'd:
They the Spirit ſtir up, and awaken the Mind.

FABLE XLIX.

Boy and Bird.

SAys a Boy to his Bird, "I obſerve you're uneaſy,
"Notwithſtanding I always endeavour'd to pleaſe ye.
"Your

" Your Cage and your Keeping is Splendid and Fine,
" You ſing as you pleaſe, and in Plenty you dine.
" 'Tis true, ſays the Bird, theſe are Favours, I grant,
" But what is more precious, I Liberty want.

MORAL.

What Pleaſure in a Priſon can we gain,
Though we were fetter'd with a Golden Chain?

FABLE L.

Dog having Chriſtian Burial.

A Parſon, who Decency did not regard,
Chanc'd to bury his Dog in the Pariſh-Church-(Yard.
Which the People, it ſeems, were reſolv'd not to favour;
But at *L—b—th* complain'd of the Grand Misbehaviour:
The Rector was order'd forthwith to appear,
That the Prelate diſtinctly the Bus'neſs might hear.
The Parſon now thought, if he was not befriended,
That nothing could keep him from being ſuſpended.
But a Trick in his Head did ſome Eaſement afford,
Which he thought might prevail with the Spiritual Lord:

To whom being come, with a Reverend Face,
He humbly begs Leave for the op'ning his Caſe.
Which granted, ſays he, "when your Lordſhip once (knows
"The true Reaſon of what has been told by my Foes,
"I doubt not, you'll ſay that I've done very well;
"And therefore I briefly the Matter ſhall tell.
"Poor *Tra*, that's defunct, when he found he muſt die,
"Kept chiefly of all Things your Grace in his Eye;
"And having left ſomething in Money and Land,
"That your Lordſhip ſhou'd have it did ſtrictly command;
"Nay, further ſecur'd it in Form of a Will,
"Which I, his Executor, come to fulfill.
"Enough, cries the Biſhop, all's very well done,
"And you, the Informers, I charge you be gone.

MORAL.

Too well may Religion and Virtue decay,
When Money rules all with an abſolute Sway.

FABLE LI.

Aſs and Dog.

A Gentleman once had a Dog in ſuch Favour,
That he granted him Freedom in all his Behaviour;

And

And the Cur, who conſider'd the Priviledge done him,
Wou'd be fawning his Maſter and skipping upon him;
But an Aſs of the Family took it in Dudgeon,
And envy'd the State of his Rival Curmudgeon;
Yet hop'd the ſame Kindneſs to him wou'd be ſhewn,
If he made his Addreſs as the other had done;
But he fail'd in his Judgment, for trying the Trick;
His Hide was in Recompenſe bang'd with a Stick.

MORAL.

Wiſe Nature, to all Men impartially kind,
To each has his proper Vocation aſſign'd;
But Aſſes will often exceed their Commiſſion,
And the Cobler ſet up for a grand Politician.

FABLE LII.

Hungry Dogs and Raw Hide.

A Parcel of Dogs, who were ready to ſtarve,
In the midſt of a Pond did a Carkaſs obſerve;
But hating to ſwim, their good Fortune was vain,
They not being able their Wiſh to obtain.
When after much Trouble and Conſideration,
They no longer cou'd ſuffer the Tantalization:

And at laſt, to determine ſo weighty a Matter,
E'en made an Agreement to drink up the Water:
With Bumpers and Facers they tope'd it at firſt,
But in the Concluſion it caus'd them to burſt.

MORAL.

Many Men in their Buſ'neſs wrong Methods purſue,
And, thinking to mend it, their Fortune undo.

FABLE LIII.

Fortune-teller falling into a Ditch.

A Pretender to Omens, and wondrous Predictions,
Who cou'd banter the Mob with his Star-gazing (Fictions,
And tell what in Ages unborn ſhou'd be done,
By *Saturn*, or *Jupiter*, *Mars*, or the Moon,
One Night took Occaſion to ſet forth his Art,
And cunningly manage Sir *Sydrophel*'s Part:
So in Order he marches out into the Field,
Which the View of a ſpacious Horizon did yield:
His Followers treating with difficult Jargon,
And Teleſcope Utenſil into the Bargain:
Where busy'd with Aſpects of *Quadrate* and *Trine*,
Of future Events he began to divine:

But mounted in Thought to ſo lofty a Pitch,
Fell back unadviſedly into a Ditch;
And he who to others their Fortune had ſhewn,
Was found to be quite at a loſs for his own.

MORAL.

An Aſtrologer's thought very learned and able,
While with Schemes and hard Words he amazes the Rabble;
But he lyes, notwithſtanding his pompous Pretences,
And thoſe who believe him are void of their Senſes;
For who can imagine the Secrets of Nature
Reveal'd to each tatter'd and vagabond Creature?
'Tis Providence only knows what is to come,
Who orders our Fortune, and governs our Doom.

FABLE LIV.

Old Man and Boy.

A Feeble old Grand-ſire, who ſtoop'd in the Back
More low than a Scotch-man when bearing his Pack,
Was by a rude Youngſter unluckily ſpy'd,
Who thus my old Gentleman's Age did deride:
"Good Father, ſays he, I wou'd willingly know
"What Price muſt be given to purchaſe your Bow.

; you ſaucy young Raſcal, replies my good Sire,
And that you ſo earneſtly need not enquire ;
For live but as long as your Grandſire has done,
And Nature will give you a Bow of your own.

MORAL.

Our Bodies their Origin owe to the Clay,
And are ſubject to Weakneſs and daily Decay ;
To ſcoff at Infirmity therefore's not fit,
And no one will do't that has Manners or Wit.

FABLE LV.

Mercury diſguis'd.

ON a certain Occaſion, commanded by *Jove*,
Sly *Mercury* came from the Regions Above:
Some ſay that the Buſ'neſs was great ; but I rather
Believe 'twas to pick up a Whore for his Father ;
However, he having diveſted his God-head,
Now ſeem'd no more Mercury-like than a Cod's-head:
Thus ſubtly diſguis'd, he comes into the Town,
And ſaunters about like an ord'nary Clown ;
When at laſt in a Carvers, drawn out to the Life,
He finds his own Worſhip, with *Jove* and his Wife ;

Thought

Thought he to himſelf, I can eaſily hear
Among the poor Mortals what Value I bear;
"And ſurely, ſays he, it wou'd be very odd
"If People ſhou'd have no Eſteem for a God;
So a Bargain he makes his Pretence to agree,
And asks of the Work-man the Price of the Three.
'Why *Jove*, ſays the Carver, is worth half a Piece,
'And *Juno* will ſcold if I ſell her for leſs:
''Tis true, the Rogue *Mercury's* dear of a Groat;
'And buy but the reſt, you ſhall have him for nought.

MORAL.

A Coxcomb may brag of himſelf in his Pride,
But will never be car'd for by any beſide.

FABLE LVI.

Tanner and Huntſman.

A Tanner Himſelf to a Huntſman apply'd,
If he got e'er a *Bear* to procure him the Hide;
The *Rhino* was ready produc'd on the Nail;
(And ſuch a brave Argument ſeldom will fail)
At which ſays the other, "too Morrow I'll hunt,
'Believe me, old Friend, and here's to thee upon't.
"Nay,

"Nay, fear not, I'll warrant the Bear ſhall be mine;
"For I never was baffled in ſuch a Deſign.
'Enough cries the Tanner, and thanking him for't,
Agree'd to go with him for ſake of the Sport.
The Time being come they no longer deferr'd,
But out goes the Huntſman as big as his Word,
By the Tanner attended; who, climbing a Tree,
Thought fit, without Danger, Spectator to be;
When forth comes the Bear, who, declining the Blow,
As Fortune wou'd have it, threw proſtrate his Foe.
But the Hunter had got an old Trick in his Head,
And lay without breathing, miſtaken for Dead.
The Fellow, no doubt, was in horrible Fear,
For the Bear, at the firſt, put his Snout to his Ear;
But then took his Leave: Having ſo much good Nature,
As never to wound an inamate Creature.
The Tanner now thinking it ſafe to deſcend,
Wou'd ſee how the Caſe had gone on with his Friend:
Whom thus he accoſted; "Friend how do you fare?
'And prithee what Whiſper was that with the Bear?
Quoth the Hunter, 'old *Bruin* admoniſh'd me, not
"To pretend to the Skin 'till the Carkaſs was got.
"And truly I think him an excellent Tutor,
"And reſolve to take care of my ſelf for the Future.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Future Events ſurpaſs our feeble Pow'rs,
What preſent Time allows is only ours.

FABLE LVII.

Elm and Reed.

AN Elm which the Neighbouring Trees did exceed,
Look'd haughtily down on a pitiful Reed;
Which in arrogant Terms, from the Bank it beſpake,
Upbraidingly calling it feeble and weak.
The conſiderate Reed never offer'd to gain-ſay,
Well knowing Great People muſt carry the main Sway.
A while after there happen'd a Tempeſt of Wind,
To which the poor Reed very humbly declin'd;
And ſtill being ſubject to reel to and fro,
Its Paſſivity guarded it ſafe from the Blow.
While the Elm was reſolv'd to ſtand ſtubbornly to't,
And ſo in Concluſion was rent by the Root.

MORAL.

Heav'n more does our Goodneſs than Greatneſs regard,
And Humility never will miſs her Reward.

FABLE LVIII.

Fatted Hen.

ONE old Mother *Gripe* had a Hen that wou'd lay;
And conſtantly bring her an Egg e'ery Day;
But my Gammer impatient, and greedy of more,
Concluded to cram her with Corn in good ſtore;
But ſhe found at the laſt little gotten by that,
For pretty Dame *Partlet* was choak'd with her Fat.

MORAL.

A covetous Earthling is always in Wants,
And needs not the Favours which Providence grants.

FABLE LIX.

Young Men and Cook.

TWO Notable Sparks Opportunity took
As they ſtood in a Kitchen, to couſin the Cook:
One ſaw a fine Chick, and did preſently ſteal it,
And gave it his Comrade that he ſhou'd conceal it.
But the Cook, when he found that he had been bereft,
Came and challeng'd 'em both on ſuſpition o' Theft:

When

When he that had ſtole it went on with the Plot,
Proteſting by *Mercury* he had it not.
His Companion examin'd, fell into a Paſſion,
And ſwore for Himſelf (with a *Romiſh* Evaſion)
That, as being affronted, he ſcarcely cou'd brook it,
For *Jove* was his Witneſs that he never took it.
Well, "Me (ſays the Cook) you may eaſily cheat,
" But *Jupiter* certainly knows the Deceit.

MORAL.

With Artifice we Humane Eyes may blind,
But one Above beholds the naked Mind.

FABLE LX.

Scholar and Bumpkin.

A Friend to the Gown, newly come from the Schools
Who had ne'er been accuſtom'd to Plow-jogging Fool
As his private Occaſion by chance had requir'd,
Now dwelt in a Village, with Peaſants retir'd;
Where, wanting Advantage of good Converſation,
The reading of Books was his ſole Recreation:

Whom a Clown of the Pariſh obſerving alone,
Thought fit, out of Pity, his State to bemoan;
"I vads, cries the Booby, Sir, haw don yaw do?
"Zure no Body Living's ſo dumpiſh as you:
"You no Company have, Mr. Schollard, ad Zooks
"Ize fancy yar Noddle is nail'd to yar Beuks.
The Student thus rouz'd from his deep Meditation,
His Philoſophy hardly cou'd keep him from Paſſion;
But thus he reply'd, and endeavour'd to curb it,
'My Company's good if you do not diſturb it.

MORAL.

None couple Creatures of a various Kind,
And Contrarieties muſt not be join'd.
Can Metaphyſick Heads with Hob-nails ſuit?
Or what is Learning to the ſordid Brute?

FABLE LXI.

Fox without a Tail.

POor Reynard by Chance being dockt in the Tail,
With his Neighbours by Stratagem thought to prevail,
In hopes that they doing as he wou'd adviſe,
His preſent Deformity none ſhou'd deſpiſe:

He

He therefore holds forth, in a large Congregation,
That wearing of Tails was no longer in Faſhion:
But thus he was anſwer'd by one of the Gang,
Notwithſtanding his cunning and ſubtle Harangue;
"I doubt, my Friend *Reynard*, your Care is not ſhown
"For the ſake of our Tails, but the loſs of your own.

MORAL.

Self-Intereſt regards not Relations or Friends,
But will ruine a Brother *to compaſs it's Ends.*

FABLE LXII.

Fiſherman diſappointed.

A Fiſherman weary with throwing his Net,
Reſolv'd to give o'er ſince he nothing cou'd get;
So in ſorrowful Dump he e'en took up his Tackling,
And hopeleſs of Booty prepar'd to be packing:
When into the Boat, on a ſudden, a Fiſh
Leap'd up of its ſelf, big enough for a Diſh:
With which he went lightſom and jocund away,
Rewarded full well for the Toil of the Day.

MORAL.

If you meet with Diſcouragement, be not dejected;
Good Fortune may come when it leaſt is expected.

FABLE LXIII.

Apples and Horſe-turds.

SOme Apples and Horſe-turds, in time of wet Weather,
By the Force of a Current were jumbled together;
And the Horſe-turds exalted, cry'd out in a Whim,
"Look here on us Apples, how nobly we ſwim!

MORAL.

This Vanity widely extends her Dominion,
And every Man's great in his private Opinion.
The Quack's a Phyſician; the Fop in the Pit
Sets up for a Critick, and goes for a Wit.

FABLE LXIV.

Pigeon and Picture.

A Silly poor Pigeon was wonderful dry,
And ſaw in a Picture a ſeeming Supply;
For the Painter had drawn out a Glaſs full of Water
So nicely, that Art was a Rival of Nature:
The Pigeon deceiv'd by ſo ſpecious a Thing,
Flew up at the Frame, and diſabled her Wing;
That now the poor Creature requir'd a Bone-ſetter,
And after her Labour was never the better.

MORAL.

MORAL.

When Judgment by outward Appearance is made,
Men are oft by their Raſhneſs to Danger betray'd.

FABLE LXV.

The Jilt.

A Jilt that was us'd to the Trick in the Dark,
As Fortune wou'd have it, was bob'd by her Spark;
Which put the poor Wench in a horrible Rout
Of crying and flinging her Snivel about.
"Come, come, ſays a Crony, Men are not ſo few;
"This Fellow is gone, but another may do.
Says the Girl, 'you're miſtaken, for under Correction,
'I do not lament out of any Affection:
'But my Gentleman's Pockets with *Rhino* were fraught,
'And it plagues me to think I had never a Groat.

MORAL.

May the B——ch——s ne'er meet with a tenderer Curſe,
Who wou'd give one the P—— in exchange for ones Purſe.

FABLE LXVI.

Lyon in his Kingdom, and Ape.

A Lyon who lov'd a Tyrannical Courſe,
Yet durſt not encounter his Subjects by Force,

Long

Long time had conſulted what Methods to take,
In order to bring the poor Brutes to the Stake;
At length, like a cunning and politick Snap,
This comical Queſtion he laid for a Trap:
Having bid 'em ſucceſſively ſmell to his Mouth,
Says he, "does it ſtink? Prithee tell us the Truth.
The Fearful ſaid *No*, and were hang'd for a Lye;
The Plain-dealers, as ſaucy, were fated to die:
The Matter, at laſt, was referr'd to the Ape,
Who, by currying and fawning, preſum'd he ſhou'd 'ſcape;
For, being a Courtier, he had ſo much Senſe
To manage a Complement right to his Prince.
And thus he addreſs'd him; 'My Liege, I preſume,
'Your Mouth is adorn'd with a coſtly Perfume;
'For my humble *Olfactories* never before
'Had the Honour ſo fragrant a Scent to adore.
Which inveagled old *Rowly* ſo, in the Concluſion,
That he cou'd not, in Honour, ſign *Pug*'s Execution;
Whoſe Oration ſo far did his Neighbours excell,
That none cou'd have handled a Flouriſh ſo well.
But the Lion ſoon after was alter'd in Mind,
And the Flatterer's Down-fall in ſecret deſign'd;
But being unwilling to ſhew his Diſlike,
By Under-hand Dealing effected his Pique:
For, pretending an Illneſs, he bad his Phyſician
Preſcribe him ſome Ape's Fleſh to cure his Condition.
Which done, the poor Ape was accordingly dreſs'd,
His Majeſty's Hunger and Malice to Feaſt.

MORAL:

MORAL.

The Nation's moſt wretched that's forc'd to ſubmit
To a hard-hearted Monarch's Tyrannical Fit.

FABLE LXVII.

Woman truſted with a Secret.

SAys a Wife to her Husband, "my Dear, you're unkind;
"For to me you will never disburden your Mind:
"I'll aſſure you, whatever to me you reveal,
"I with Caution and Prudence will ever conceal.
'Why then cries the Husband, be truſty dear Spouſe,
'For—Mum!—I e'en now laid an Egg in the Houſe.
My Dame at the Story look'd very demurely,
And ſwore it ſhou'd reſt in her Boſom ſecurely:
Notwithſtanding, Convenience no ſooner was got,
But ſhe hies to her Neighbours, and out comes the Plot:
In fine, the brave Story did loſe nothing by't;
For the Egg in the Morning was Forty by Night.

MORAL.

A true Engliſh Proverb is given to ſay,
That Three may keep Counſel when Two are away.

FABLE LXVIII.

Collier and Fuller.

A Collier invited a Fuller to dwell
Together with him in a part of his Cell;
But the Fuller his Proffer with Prudence declin'd,
Declaring them not for each other deſign'd:
"My Labour, cries he, wou'd be always in vain,
"For whatever I whiten you'd daub it again.

MORAL.

If Purity of Manners you reſpect,
Bad Converſation cautiouſly reject:
For ill Examples ſoon corrupt the Mind,
Which of its ſelf to Vice too pronely is inclin'd.

FABLE LXIX.

Man refuſing a Clyſter.

A Man who was firſt indiſpos'd in his Head,
Refus'd to be counſell'd whate'er cou'd be ſaid;
For ſtill, he his Doctor's Advice did deride,
Who wou'd needs, on the ſpot, have a Clyſter ap ply'd:
Why this, cries the Patient's a ſort of a Farce,
To talk thus of curing my Head at my A——

MORAL.

Of Things which he knows not the Fool's a Deſpiſer,
And will never be govern'd by thoſe that are wiſer.

FABLE LXX.

Hercules and Carter.

A Certain dull Booby, in driving his Waggon,
was ſtuck in the Road, and no farther cou'd jog on
At which, in Confuſion, the Lubberly Lout
On *Hercules* bawl'd, to deliver him out:
But *Hercules* ſaid "Sirrah, ſtir up your Stumps;
"For it is to no purpoſe to ſtand in the Dumps:
"Apply your Self briskly, make uſe of your Heels,
"With your Whip to the Horſes, your Arms to the wheels
"Or think not i'll aid you, in time of your Need,
"For *Hercules* never does Lazy-Bones heed.

MORAL.

Contempt and Deriſion from Idleneſs ſpring,
But Induſtry Conquers the difficul'ſt thing.

FABLE LXXI.

Jupiter and Modeſty.

MAnkind, as they tell us, was fram'd in ſuch haſte,
That Modeſty was not put into the Paſte:

To bring her in after, *Jove* found it in vain,
Except he new Modell'd the Creature again:
And therefore, belonging as proper to no Man,
She was order'd to ſeek her Reception in Common;
It was hard to aſſume ſuch a vagrant Condition,
But in fine, She agreed to't on this Propo ſition.
" Great *Jove*, you muſt grant me, where ever I come,
" That Appetite Carnal ſhall vaniſh the Room.

MORAL.

All Vices their contrary Vertues abuſe,
And Impudence abſolute Reigns in the Stews.

FABLE LXXII.

St. Anthony's Friar.

A Mendicant Prieſt of St. *Anthony's* Train,
Whoſe cheifeſt Religion was that of his Gain,

With aFarmer agreed on a Fore-hand Reward:
For a Twelve-Month enſuing his Sheep-fold to guard;
The Silly poor Bumpkin the Matter adjuſted,
And thought the Religious might ſafely be Truſted:
But the Sheep notwithſtanding were leſſen'd each Day
By the villainous Wolf, and condemn'd for a Prey:
The good Father accus'd for his ſpecious pretence,
And forfeit of Promiſe, thus made his Defence;
As touching the matter whereon we agreed,
"I'm ſorry, Old Friend, we no better ſucceed,
"With a damnable Wolf, prithee what cou'd I do,
"Who e'en would have worried St. *Anthony* too.

MORAL.

Truth is diſcarded by the Romiſh Laws,
Unleſs attended with a Mental Clauſe.

FABLE LXXIII.

Pagan at Maſs.

AS a *Pagan* through *Italy* happened to paſs,
Heneeds would go Viſit the Catholick Maſs,

And when after Entreated, to make Declaration
How well he approv'd the Papiſtical Faſhion:
"With the Cuſtoms, ſays he, I could partly diſpence,
"Save one, which is Counter to Reaſon and Senſe:
"Your Prieſt's, I obſerve, the good Liquor drink up,
"While the Laity Gape, and have never a drop.

MORAL.

For Chriſtian things a Fable is to low,
But not for thoſe whoſe Piety's a ſhew:
Whoſe Reverence to Heaven is but a jeſt,
And more befits a Bacchanalian Feaſt.

FABLE LXXIV.

Madman Cur'd, and Falconer.

AN Italian Phyſician whoſe Skill was commended,
By rare Operations his Fame had extended:
From the reſt of the Faculty ſweeping the Bays,
Who hated his Perſon, and envy'd his Praiſe,
This ſhrewd *Eſculapian* of whom we make mention,
Had an exquiſite Noddle as to his Invention,

By which he not only Diſeaſes could Cure,
Which are vulgar, and commonly moſt Men endure:
But if any were Lunatick, or by Love Folly,
Subjected to Humours of dull Mellancholly;
Or what other Misfortune, he wou'd of a Mad-man
Or Hypocondrical, ſoon make a Glad-Man:
This he cheifly perform'd, by a puddle of Water,
And that of a ſordid and faculent Nature:
Yet it's Vertues were ſuch, if the Story be true,
That *Epſom* or *Tunbridge* the like never knew;
And here too were Stations, and certain Degrees,
Befitting the Caſe of each Patient's Diſeaſe:
Who all by the Doctor were bound to a ſtake,
Stark-naked, and bare, in the midſt of the Lake:
Next Faſting commanded, and dull Ember-Weeks,
Which Abſtinence plainly was ſeen by their Cheeks.
Thus were they confin'd till the Madneſs was o're,
And Hunger and Cold did their Senſes reſtore;

And ſtill were ſet bounds for their Walks and Diverſion,
Which he that Tranſgreſs'd had a ſecond Immerſion :
It happened that one of the ſcatter-brain Rout,
In the ſpace of a Fortnight began to Recruit :
And the Doctor perceiving the Malady ceas'd,
From troubleſome Durance his Patient relea'sd ;
Who ſtanding one Day, at the Gate of the Court,
As a Falconer came by with his Hawk, from the ſport,
The Falconer ſtood ſtill to make Inquiſition,
And Examine the Lunatick of his Condition ;
Whom after a while he began to Deride,
But thus the poor Patient, in Anſwer reply'd,
" Your ill Manners, and Folly's ſufficiently ſhewn
" Who Laugh at my Madneſs, but ſee not your own ;
" On a Hawk and a Hound your whole Study is bent,
" On all that your Time, and your Money is ſpent ;
" And if this be your Wiſdom, perhaps e'er you Die,
" You may chance to be Poorer and Madder than I :
" Make haſt from our Doctor, for if you be ſeen
" You'll be ſet in the Puddle, quite up to the Chin.

MORAL.

MORAL.

For the Fooliſh vain ſpend-thrift this Fable was writ,
Who abounds in his Coffer, but not in his Wit.

FABLE LXXV.

Sheep and Crow.

SAys a Sheep to a Crow that ſat pecking her Fleece,
If I were a Maſtiff you'd preſently ceaſe,
That's true, cries the Carrion, believe me, I know
How far with my Freedom I ſafely may go.

MORAL.

Time-ſervers are Cheats who can brow-beat Inferiours,
And with Paraſite-Flattery fawn on ſuperiours:
But a Man of Integrity, Spirit, and Senſe,
On a Worm will not trample, or ſneak to a Prince.

FABLE. LXXVI.

Man Dreaming of Gold.

A Ruſtick in Truckle-Bed ſnorting and ſnoring,
Once dreamt that the Devil was ſtanding before
(him,

Inviting him out to a turn in the Feild,
On promiſe of Treaſure which there was conceal'd.
The Rogue was unwilling to Riſe in the Cold,
And wou'd never have ſtir'd, but for ſake of the Gold:
But thoughts of Advantage ſoon made him conſent,
And accordingly out with the Devil he went:
When arriv'd on the ſpot, cries the ſubtle Arch-Fiend,
"Dig here, and you'll find a Reward in the End;
"But it now being Night, and the preſent Occaſion,
"Not ſuiting the Buſineſs, e'en take my Perſwaſion,
"That in ſearch of the Place, leaſt hearafter you fail,
"As a mark of Direction you down with your Tail;
"At the word of Command the poor Ruſtick obey'd,
"And found when he Wak'd that the Sheets beray'd.

MORAL

He that follows the Devil for ſake of a Purſe,
If he meets not a ſtink, may have that which is worſe.

FABLE LXXVII.

Dog and Thieves.

A Gang of thoſe *Royſters* who live upon Rapine,
And commonly plunder when People are napping,

'Say

Attempted, one Night, to break into a Houſe,
When all, to one's thinking, were ſtill as a Mouſe;
But a cunning Dog-maſtiff, whoſe Ears were about him,
From Kennel ſurpriſingly threaten'd to rout 'em:
At which a ſly Rogue, with a Bit of a Cruſt,
Wou'd have brib'd the Domeſtick to forfeit his Truſt;
But the generous Beaſt with a haughty Diſdain,
Thus ſlighted the Proffer of Villainous Gain;
"I ſcorn your baſe Terms, it ſhall never be ſaid
"I my Honeſty ſold for a Morſel of Bread.

MORAL.

Were Keeper *now alive, what might he ſay*
Of thoſe vile Slaves who only act for Pay;
And any Miſchief will for Int'reſt do,
Pawning their Countrey and Religion too?

FABLE LXXVIII.

Doctor, Vintner, and Taylor.

A Vintner and Taylor ſo well were conceited,
Each thought that his Head-piece cou'd ne'er be (defeated;
They therefore agreed, by the dint of Diſpute,
For their Credit immortal the Gown to confute;
The good Pariſh-Doctor was bad to prepare;
"For we have provided a Logical Snare;
"Then let the Divinity guard from Miſhap,
"Or *Major* and *Minor* will fall in a Trap;

'Say you ſo? Says the Parſon, firſt prove your ſelves Men,
'Or elſe you're not worthy my Tongue or my Pen.
At which in a Paſſion, ſaid they, "it's great Vanity
"That you, Mr. Parſon, ſhou'd doubt our Humanity.
'Why, pray, Mr. Vintner, do you never put
'New Wine in old Bottles? "Yes, why may I not?
'By Scripture you're no Man, and have a dull Noddle,
'*For no Man puts new Wine into an old Bottle.*
'Maſter Taylor, my Caſſock is worn at the Sleeve,
'And you can put in a new Patch I believe;
"Your Servant good Sir, I can do't in a Trice,
"You muſt know I'm an Artiſt at ſuch a Device.
'Why then, cries the Prieſt, you're no Man I proteſt,
For *no Man with new Cloth will patch an old Veſt.*
Thus both his Opponents were banter'd and vext,
And cou'd not deny the plain Words of the Text.

MORAL.

In Arts Mechanick no Man is thought good,
Unleſs ſev'n Years be for the Trade allow'd;
But ev'ry common Brother aims to preach,
And thinks himſelf well qualify'd to teach;
Thus Sacred Writ is turn'd to Ridicule,
And cap'd, as Verſes are by Boys at School.

FABLE LXXIX.

Old Hound and his Maſter.

AN Honeſt old Hound that had follow'd the Chace,
By Age was grown Feeble, and flag'd in his Pace;
And

And his hard-hearted Maſter obſerving him falter,
Cries " Sirrah, prepare for your Portion, the Halter.
To which the poor Supplicant briefly reply'd ;
' Good Maſter, you know that my Strength has been try'd;
' Much Service I've done you, have ſtood to the Teſt,
' And in Years of my Vigour have match'd with the beſt.
' Then ſurely ſome Kindneſs, in lieu, ſhou'd be ſhewn,
' And I be reſpected for what I have done.

MORAL.

On barren Ground in vain the Seed is caſt,
Which ne'er rewards the Plough-man's Labour paſt :
On ſordid Spirits do not Kindneſs ſow,
Th' ungrateful Soil will no Returns beſtow.

FABLE LXXX.

Fox and Goſſips.

WIth a hungry ſtarv'd Gut, in vain ſeeking for Pillage,
Poor *Reynard*, one Ev'ning, jog'd on through a Village,
Where a Knot of brisk Goſſips with plenteous Repaſt
Of dainty fine Capon, were pleaſing their Taſte :
The Fox was regal'd with the delicate Sight,
But none were ſo kind the poor Rogue to invite;
He therefore, in Dudgeon, prepar'd to be gone,
Thus venting his Gall in a muttering Tone :
" Theſe Bitches can cram their fat Guts till they ake ;
" Whereas had I happen'd but a Chick for to take,

With

" With a Hoop and a Hollow my Carkaſs to catch,
" All the Dogs in the Town had been clap'd to Br——
Which a Trot over-hearing, cry'd, 'Sirrah, our Living
' Is on our own Poultrey; but yours is by Thieving.

MORAL.

All Men muſt ſubſiſt; but there's Difference whither
We cut Thongs of our own, or of other Folks Leather.

FABLE LXXXI.

Mariners in a Storm.

SOme Mariners once in a terrible Storm,
Bawl'd out to the Saints to defend 'em from Harm;
But one of more Wiſdom by half than the reſt,
Said praying to Saints was a ſort of a Jeſt;
"For ſuppoſing, ſays he, that they hear what we want,
"Yet they from themſelves no Aſſiſtance can grant;
" And in Time of Diſtreſs, ſo uncertain's our Space,
" We may drown e'er they tell God Almighty our Caſe;
" Then ſurely to Him ſhou'd our Homage be paid,
" Who is pow'rful in Wiſdom, and preſent in Aid.

MORAL.

To the Saints there is Reaſon we Honour ſhou'd ſhew,
But why muſt Omnipotence *forfeit its due?*

FABLE LXXXII.

Boaſting Traveller.

A Bluſtering Spark that was very (adzooks) fine,
And had viſited Places as far as th' *Euxine*,
Had rambled beſide all the Continent o'er,
And came Home, as the reſt do, with Lies in good ſtore;
In the the midſt of his Vapouring, ſwore, by the Gods,
He out-jump'd all the Men at the Iſland of *Rhodes*,
By ſeveral Yards: Which when none wou'd believe,
A By-ſtander; the Gentleman twitch'd by the Sleve;
"Your Jump may do here, if it be not a feign'd one,
"As well as it did in the *Mediterranean*.

MORAL.

That poſitive Coxcomb is pretty Diverſion,
Who, as bold as he is, cannot prove his Aſſertion.

FABLE LXXXIII.

Country-man and Mouſe.

A Ruſtick whoſe Life was ſo needy and poor,
He cou'd ſcarce, as we ſay, keep the Wolf from the (Door,
Was yet of a Humour ſo frolick and gay,
He'd laugh his Misfortunes and Troubles away:
One time his ſmall Hut being ſet in a Blaze,
While he on it with comical Wonder did gaze,

A Mouſe was obſerv'd in Confuſion to crawl,
In order to 'ſcape at a Crack in the Wall;
But my Country-man ſnatching her up in great Ire,
With angry Diſdain threw her into the Fire.
"Vile Creature ſaid he, with baſe Fraud to beguile
"The Friend that has kept thee ſo well all this while;
"Since thy Mind is ſo ſordid, ſo falſe and ingrate,
"I'm reſolv'd thou ſhalt fare in the worſt of my Fate.

MORAL.

So long as good Fortune your Perſon attends,
Ne'er doubt of Mens Kindneſs, and Plenty of Friends.
But if, after, the ſlippery Dame be your Foe,
They'll pack up their Auls, and be ready to go.

FABLE LXXXIV.

Dancing Apes.

A Perſon of Quality keeping ſome Apes,
By all Means wou'd have 'em polite in their ſhapes.
A Maſter was ſought for, who taught 'em to dance,
And carry themſelves like a *Mounſieur* of *France*.
The Court-Apes were ingenious, and learning apace,
Were order'd to practiſe in ſight of his Grace.
Which (help'd by the Virtue of Cat-gut moſt rare)
They with Briſkneſs perform'd, and a meer *Debonair*.
Till one throwing ſome Apples, they for 'em did ſcramble,
And all of a ſudden fell out of their Amble.

MORAL.

MORAL.

In vain we pretend to new-model the Creature,
For Art cannot conquer th' Impreſſions of Nature.

FABLE LXXXV.

Horſe and Aſs.

AS a high-mettled Horſe gallop'd on in the Rode,
He met a poor Aſs groaning under a Load;
Of whom in rough Terms he demanded the Way,
Which humbly was done without farther Delay.
While the Aſs did in ſecret with Envy repine,
Saying, "O that my Life were as happy as thine!
When, as Fortune wou'd have it, within a ſhort Space,
The Horſe broke his Wind, and was ſpoil'd for the Race:
Diſſolv'd of his Splendour, and Trappings of Pride,
And ſold to a Carter; who curry'd his Hide.
In this ſordid Appearance he happen'd once more
To meet the ſame Aſs that he ſlighted before;
Who envy'd no longer ſo fickle a State,
But bleſs'd his kind Stars for not making him Great.

MORAL.

Conſider the Changes of Fate, and be wiſe;
A Monarch may fall, and a Beggar may riſe.

FABLE LXXXVI.

Fox and Grapes.

SAys a Fox, ſpying Grapes that were out of his Pow'r,
"I wonder Folks eat 'em, for, hang 'em, they're
(ſowre.

MORAL.

This Animal tells us, there's nothing more vain,
Than fretting for Things which we cannot obtain.

FABLE LXXXVII.

Frogs wanting Water.

SOme topping old Frogs in a Seaſon of Drought,
Were ready to faint for a Moiſtening Bout.
In Queſt of ſome Liquids, they found out a Well,
In its humid Retirements reſolving to dwell.
Which one of the Company chanc'd to prevent,
By asking the Cauſe of ſo raſh an Intent.
For, ſays he, "if the Bottom ſhou'd ever dry up,
We cannot jump back, or aſcend to the Top.

MORAL.

This Fable accuſes the Folly of ſome,
Who run headlong, ne'er thinking of what is to come.

FABLE LXXXVIII.

Poor Man, and Boy at his Pear-tree.

A Saucy young Rogue, who, as Story alledges,
Lov'd plund'ring of Orchards and breaking Folks
(Hedges,

In an Old Fellow's Pear-Tree ſat ſtuffing his Guts,
As big as a Monkey, when cracking of Nuts:
My Gaſſer who hated all Wrangling and Paſſion,
Thought the Youth might be order'd by gentle Perſwaſion,
And accoſting the Lad, ſays he, "prithee young Maſter,
"Come down from my Tree, for I want not a Taſter.
But his Words were not heeded; the Varlet ſat ſtill;
And as buſy as ever was Cramming his Gill.
My Grandſire next takes up a handfull of Graſs,
Concluding by that he might bring it to Paſs.
But the Urchin now mock'd him by wagging his Head,
And thought the Poor Fellow was Crazed, or Mad.
"Nay, then, ſays the Man, I muſt try you with Stones;
"And now, you bold Villain e'en look to your Bones.
At which the Boy daring no longer to ſtay,
Came down from the Pear-Tree and haſten'd away.

MORAL.

Fair Dealing's the beſt and moſt laudable Courſe,
But the Slighters of this muſt be conquer'd by Force.

FABLE. LXXXXIX.

Belly and Members.

THE Mutinous Members in Words contumacious,
Said the Belly was Idle, and alſo voracious;
They therefore in Council agreed to arraign it,
The Sentence was paſs'd, they'd no longer maintain it.
But they found, in Concluſion, they juſtly were ſerv'd,
For the Belly not Nouriſh'd the Members were ſtarv'd.

MORAL.

Learn hence, ye vile Mob, who your Rulers detract,
And turn not the Fable to matter of Fact:
Then pay your Allegiance, nor Juſtice condemn;
For know that your Safety is ſeated in them.

FABLE. XC.

Boy keeping Sheep

A Peice of a Shepherd, a waggiſh young Elf,
Would often be bauling for fear of the Wolf.
The Plough-men, at firſt, were ſo Civil, it ſeems,
They regarded his crying, and came from their Teams
But finding a Trap by the Youngſter was laid,
They heeded no longer, nor ran to his Aid;
In fine, the Wolf coming the Flock to devour,
There was none to deliver 'em out of his Power.

MORAL.

When People are once by a Lyar deceiv'd,
Truth loſes it's Credit, and is not believ'd.

FABLE. XCI.

Fool and Hot Iron.

A Fool being told that hot Iron wou'd hiſs,
When ſpit on, thought trying it were not amiſs;
He accordingly try'd it, and finding it do,
Preſum'd he might uſe it in other Things too:

So having hot Porridge, he ſpits in the Platter,
And thought his Experiment mended the Matter

MORAL.

The Fool in the Fable, has many a Brother,
That does not diſtinguiſh one Caſe from another.

FABLE. XCII.

Man driving Aſſes.

A Man, not the Wiſeſt that ever was Born,
Drove his Aſſes to Market hard laden with Corn;
And returning at Ev'ning well addled with Ale,
In Reck'ning he found his due Number to fail;
Of which he to Market again does for Lack-Ride,
And found the loſt Aſs to be under his Back-ſide.

MORAL.

While the ſpy-fault is carneſtly looking for Aſſes,
It commonly happens himſelf he o're Paſſes.

FABLE. XCIII.

Jealous Husband.

A Jealous *Cornuta* would needs recommend
His ſpritely young Wife to the care of a Friend;
The Friend undertook it, but found it was hard,
Such a ſlippery Cuſtomer ſafely to guard;
For ſhe plaid him ſuch pranks, notwithſtanding his labour,
He a Moment ſcarce knew in what manner to have Her.

To his Friend the poor Cuckold he therefore returns,
And bad him with Carefulneſs manage his Horns;
As to what You have order'd, ſays He, I as ſoon
Shou'd be able with *Ganza's* to Fly to the Moon;
I can let out, each Morning, a Bag full of Fleas,
And bring e'm all Home at Sun-ſetting with Eaſe;
But *Hercules* cou'd not, i'm ſure, for his Life,
Tame the Leacherous Devil that reigns in your Wife.

The No-MORAL.

When a Woman does Duty and Reaſon reject,
Morality from Her you cannot expect.

FABLE. XCIV.

Fowler and Snake.

AS a Fowler was very intentive on Game,
By a Snake in the Graſs he was bitten quite Lame.

MORAL.

If a Villain be Taken, who'd pity the Wretch?
He fulfils but the Proverb, Harm watch Harm Catch.

FABLE XCV.

Fidler Singing.

A conceited *Crowdero*, whoſe ſcraping vile Muſick
Were you never ſo well, i'll engage will make you
(Sick;
And

And whoſe Harmony Vocal muſt ſurely content all,
It ſuiting exactly his rare Inſtrumental:
In an Ecchoing Hall as he hum'd out a Chorus,
Imagin'd Himſelf to be very Sonorous.
Some Honour He therefore intended to drive at,
Nor wou'd Bury ſo Noble a Talent in private:
But too eagerly vent'ring in publick for Praiſe,
He met with an Hiſſing inſtead of the Bays.

MORAL.

Reflect on the Fable ye dull Poetaſters,
Who liable are to theſe petty Diſaſters;
Conſider before you appear on the Stage,
'Tis difficult pleaſing the Wits of the Age.

FABLE. XCVI.

Æthiopian Waſh'd.

ONE buying a Black, with no very ſmall pain,
Endeavour'd to alter the Hue of the Grain;
But this Metamorphoſis vainly was try'd,
And the Black, by the Bargain, had like to have Dy'd.

MORAL.

Some People there are of ſo ſordid a Nature,
Do what ever you can they'll be never the Better.

FABLE. XCVII.

Boy and Fortune.

AT the Mouth of a Well a Boy careleſly ſleeping,
By Fortune was Rous'd, who thus gave him Her Greeting;
"Go hence little Varlet, for ſhould'ſt thou fall in,
"They'd ſay that I caus'd it, or it never had been.

MORAL:

MORAL.

Againſt Divine Providence many exclaim,
When their own Stupid Folly is only to blame.

FABLE. XCVIII.

Lioneſs and Fox.

SAys a Fox to a Lioneſs, bantring in Mirth,
"I wonder you have but one Son at a Birth:
Says the Lioneſs to Her, 'pray ceaſe from your Twitters;
Our Generous Offſpring's not vented by Litters.

MORAL.

When of things the true Dignity comes in debate,
We muſt not the Number, but Quality, rate.

FABLE. XCIX.

Man Rob'd.

A Man on the Road being Rob'd of His Pelf,
Had nothing in Pocket reſerv'd for himſelf;
But Gentlemen, ſays he, "I hope you'll return me,
"So much as may ſerve to the end of my Journey,
"Ay, Ay, cries a generous Raſcal, poor Fellow,
"Here take from Our Bag a broad Piece of the Yellow:
At which the Petitioner thruſt in his Hand,
And pluck'd out as much as his graſp woud Command.
Says a Theif of the Company, 'mind but his raking;
The Dog has no Reaſon, or Conſcience in taking.

MORAL.

'Tis pretty, when Drunkards can Toping impeach,
And the Devil gets up in a Pulpit to preach.

FABLE

FABLE. C.

Gout and Flea.

THE Gout on a Time left her old Habitation,
And agreed with the Flea on a Peregrination;
They had Travell'd together as long as 'twas Light,
And began to look out for a Lodging at Night;
The Gout took her leave, and quite weary, ſhe ſaid,
At a Poor Man's hard by, ſhe wou'd ſeek for a Bed.
The Flea gave her Comrade a candid Releaſe,
Intending to ſee a Rich Juſtice of Peace:
Which being Effected, no Mortal ſhe greets,
But ſlighly whips into the Juſtice's Sheets;
Who no ſooner was laid, but he call's for a Candle,
The Blood-ſucking Stranger ſeverely to handle;
But the Flea being nimble, without any pauſe,
Made a ſhift to eſcape from the Enemy's Claws.
The Gout was as bad with our indigent Neighbour,
Involv'd in more Danger, more Trouble and Labour;
For my Gaffer quite raving jump'd into a Pond,
And poor Mrs. Cripple had like to 've been Drown'd.
For being but tardy and ſlow in her pace,
She needs muſt be put in a perilous Caſe.
However, next Morning the Travellers meeting,
Embrac'd with a kind and Affectionate Greeting:
Imparting the ſumm and Contents of the Story,
According to what Iv'e deliverd before you.
The following Night, for Experiment ſake,

They

They agreed an Exchange of their Lodging to make:
No ſooner did Gout to his Worſhip repair,
But ſhe met with Reſpect and Magnificent Fare;
On Couches of Down, with the Juice of the Vine,
And the delicat'ſt Meats, did her Ladyſhip Dine;
With lazy Supineneſs indulgd in her Reſt,
The Zenith of Happineſs now ſhe poſſeſs'd.
While the Flea, in the Cottage, as happy as ſhe,
With honeſt poor *Roger* from Danger was free.
Henceforward they parted their Quarters no more,
Gout dwelt with the Rich, and the Flea with the Poor.

MORAL.

Diſeaſes and Pains the Luxurious attend,
While Temperance is the poor Labourers Friend;
Without any Aches he Sleeps at his Eaſe,
And if he be troubled, 'tis only with Fleas.

FINIS.